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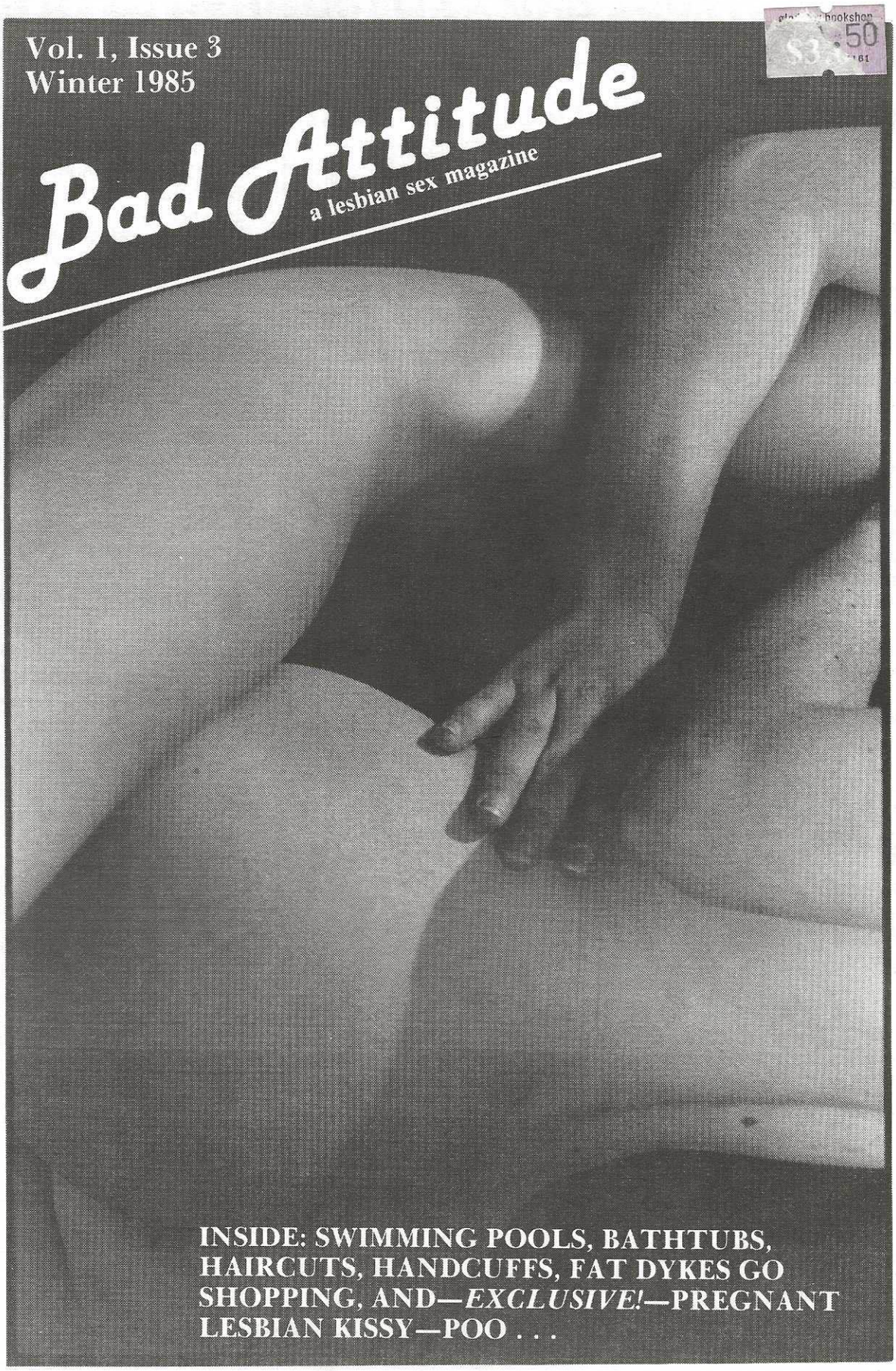
Bad Attitude

a lesbian sex magazine



INSIDE: SWIMMING POOLS, BATHTUBS, HAIRCUTS, HANDCUFFS, FAT DYKES GO SHOPPING, AND—*EXCLUSIVE!*—PREGNANT LESBIAN KISSY—POO . . .

BAD ATTITUDE IS . . .

. . . a more or less quarterly publication about lesbian sex. We encourage submissions from all lesbians, about all varieties of sexual experiences. They can be stories, fantasies, true life adventures, essays, poems, news flashes, advice, interviews, how-tos, letters to the editor, photographs, drawings, cartoons . . . Please do not send your only copy of an article. It's easiest for us to deal with manuscripts that are typed and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photographers must obtain a signed release form from anyone they photograph.

Bad Attitude is edited by Amy Hoffman and Cindy Patton. We want to thank Laura, Lavender Ties and Veneita Porter for helping with layout and distribution. This issue was designed by Cindy Patton and typeset by Amy Hoffman. South End Press has been most generous in allowing us to use their typesetting equipment for a bargain basement rate.

Bad Attitude is supported by subscriptions and advertising revenue. This income does not cover our costs and we greatly appreciate the generosity of the people who contributed money to **Bad Attitude.** It is only because of these contributions that we are able to continue to publish. All the work of editing, writing and producing **Bad Attitude** is done by volunteers.

We call our magazine **Bad Attitude** because that's what women who take control of our own sexuality are told that we have.

—Amy Hoffman, Cindy Patton
March, 1985

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editorial

Anti-Fantasies

By Amy Hoffman
(with encouragement from Cindy Patton and Laura)

The typesetter thinks about sex stories and about real life.

I.

My eyes were drawn to her from the moment I walked in the door: she towered over almost everyone else at the party. She was a handsome woman, and her long body was hard and lean. As always at these events, I drifted through the room, borne on the eddies and currents of my circles of friends and acquaintances Usually, I enjoy the random chit-chat of these social occasions, getting stuck in the corner with women I would never talk to otherwise. I've made some surprising new friends under the pressures of social expediency. But tonight I realized I wasn't having fun. The stranger was staring at me, and I began to feel uncomfortable and annoyed. Every time I looked up from a conversation, I caught her eyes, as they jumped up from my crotch. My face burned. I became aware of all the parts of my body, as in a hallucination: my nipples straining against my anti-nuke tee shirt, my thighs rubbing against the seams of my black levis, my clit throbbing against my tattered cotton bikinis. Several times I almost rushed over to her and demanded an explanation for what was happening to me. I decided it was all in my head, until, around midnight, I saw her shake her beautiful head, put down her glass and stand up from the wall against which she had been leaning. She strode decisively through the chattering crowd, closer and closer to me. I felt a strong hand touch my shoulder. My body shuddered and I looked up into her eyes.

"Don't be offended," she said gently, "I just had to warn you before I leave. The zipper on your pants is undone." She continued, "I'd stay and talk, but I have to get home. My girlfriend's coming back this evening from seeing her parents, and I really want to be there when she walks in. Anyways, take it easy. Maybe I'll run into you again sometime."

"Ciao," I said casually, fumbling in a way I hoped was discreet at my crotch. Seeing her close up I decided she wasn't all that tall.

II.

Her hot clit throbbed against my tongue. She was wet and full and ready. I sucked hungrily. I knew what she wanted—everything I could give her and more. Her soft whimpers turned to moans as she pushed rhythmically against my face.

"Mmmm, baby," I hummed into her cunt. She began thrashing around the bed uncontrollably, and yelling.

"Yow!" I lifted myself up to look into her burning eyes. "Oh! Ow! Now you're poking me in the stomach! What the hell were you doing down there honey? It was all nice and then your started doing it so hard, you hurt me. Boy, you really lost me that time. You *know* I like it gentle," she whined.

Issue #2 sold out! If you requested #2 or subscribed hoping to begin with it, we apologize. Your subscription will begin with this issue.

"But not all the time you don't," I reminded her, distressed. "Not last night."

"That was different, dummy. Can't you tell anything?"

"You sounded the same to me," I said, kissing her cheek to console her.

"Yuk, you're all wet." She turned away.

"Oh baby, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry." I flopped over and buried my head in the pillow, crushed.

"I'm going to the bathroom," she said. "I want to wash off that stuff you were using for lube. It's getting all sticky on me."

When she came out, she had calmed down. "I'm sorry I got so cranky, sweetheart. It's really OK. We can try again in the morning tomorrow. At least it's Saturday."

She folded me up into her arms in my favorite sleeping position, and we both nodded off.

III.

"You litle bitch," she yelled, and slapped my ass, hard. "You know I'm stronger than you! You can only win with your femme tricks. Don't you dare try to scratch me or you'll really be sorry, you cat."

We had been rolling around from bed to floor to armchair for close to half an hour, and I knew we were approaching the inevitable, delicious moment when she would overpower me.

"Ow, Ow," I cried. I attempted to leap up and throw her onto the bed, but she caught my wrists in one hand behind me and kneed me in the back of my legs, so I found myself in a praying position in front of the armchair. I began to whimper in apparent teror.

"You're OK, aren't you?" she whispered in my ear.

I sighed. "Did I say anything that sounded like a safe word?"

"Alright then, you wimp!" she resumed loudly, and gave my *tuchis* another sharp slap. "You'll get what you deserve for fighting me!" I heard a metallic clank on the floor, and she ran something cold and rard down the crack of my ass.

"The cuffs," I shrieked happily. "I don't deserve the cuffs!"

"You'll deserve whatever I give you, and like it," she crooned menacingly, and continued sliding the cold metal between my dripping vulvae. I panted and moaned.

"That's enough out of you," she said. "The cuffs it is." I wiggled around a little, reluctant to struggle too hard lest she lose her grip on me at this delicate moment.

"Huh," she said in a puzzled voice. I wondered if we were now going to play some new game. That my struggle was a sham was becoming embarrassingly obvious as the seconds dragged on. "Quit squirming so much," she continued, still apparently out of character. "Have you had trouble with the lock on these things before?"

She let go of me completely and I turned around and watched her fiddle with the little key.

"Usually they work fine," I told her. "Let me take a look." I worked the key around in the lock, with no more success that she had had. "They really do seem to be stuck. I wonder if I got K-Y in them or something."

"Too bad," she said, "they look like they were good ones."

"Yeah," I said, disappointed. "Only the best for my girls."

"Listen," she said helpfully, "I bet we could take them down to that leather store and get them fixed."

I looked around for my pants. "Not a bad idea. Why don't we walk over there now. It's kind of a nice day out.'

"I'll just take a quick shower, alright?"

"Sure. But hurry up. They probably close around 5:00."

I finished putting my clothes on, and we strolled arm-in-arm out the door.

Photo © 1985 Berit Pratt

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letters

The Only One

Dear Women,

. . . I really liked the first issue—although I must confess I'm the only one I know who did. I'm not sure exactly what this means.

Good luck with it!

Cheers for Diversity

Dear Sisters of *Bad Attitude*,

I'm delighted to read in *Gay Community News* that Issue #2 is available. I really enjoyed your first issue and was sorry it wasn't included in *all* the *GCN*s. Many womyn missed it and I have had to xerox it for a friend on the Cape who never heard of it. What are the chances of distributing it through women's bookstores? Womanfyre Books here in Northampton carries *GCN* and *On Our Backs*, so I've been looking for you.

I think it's incredibly important that we as lesbians see our *diversity* of sexual experiences in order to dispel the shackles of whatever it is we think of as "normal" lesbian sex, usually *not* whatever we're doing . . .

Thanks for your work!

Editor's Note: Bad Attitude *has done several mailings to women's and gay bookstores. If we are not available in your local bookstore, you might want to encourage them to carry us. Some bookstores do not realize there's an interest in publications like* Bad Attitude, *others, the Toronto Women's Bookstore, for example, have refused to carry* Bad Attitude, On Our Backs, *and other lesbian sex mags. A little encouragement from the dyke-on-the-street might help us to find distributors.*

BA and Twix

Dear Friends,

Well, I managed to get my hands on a copy of *Bad Attitude*, and I am really excited about it. It was rejected (along with *Fag Rag*) here [in prison]...The copies I *got* were folded in well with *GCN* and somehow escaped notice. I don't know if it was on purpose or by accident that two copies were sent to me, but bless whoever did it. This is great!...

BA is what I've been wanting to see for a very long time, a place to say those things that turn over in my mind at midnight, the things that make me catch my breath when I visualize them. I've been smiling since I got my copy...You are tied with Twix candy bars on my "good stuff list." Let me know if I can do anything at all.

Smiles,
Ruby Leah

At the Swimming Pool, #I

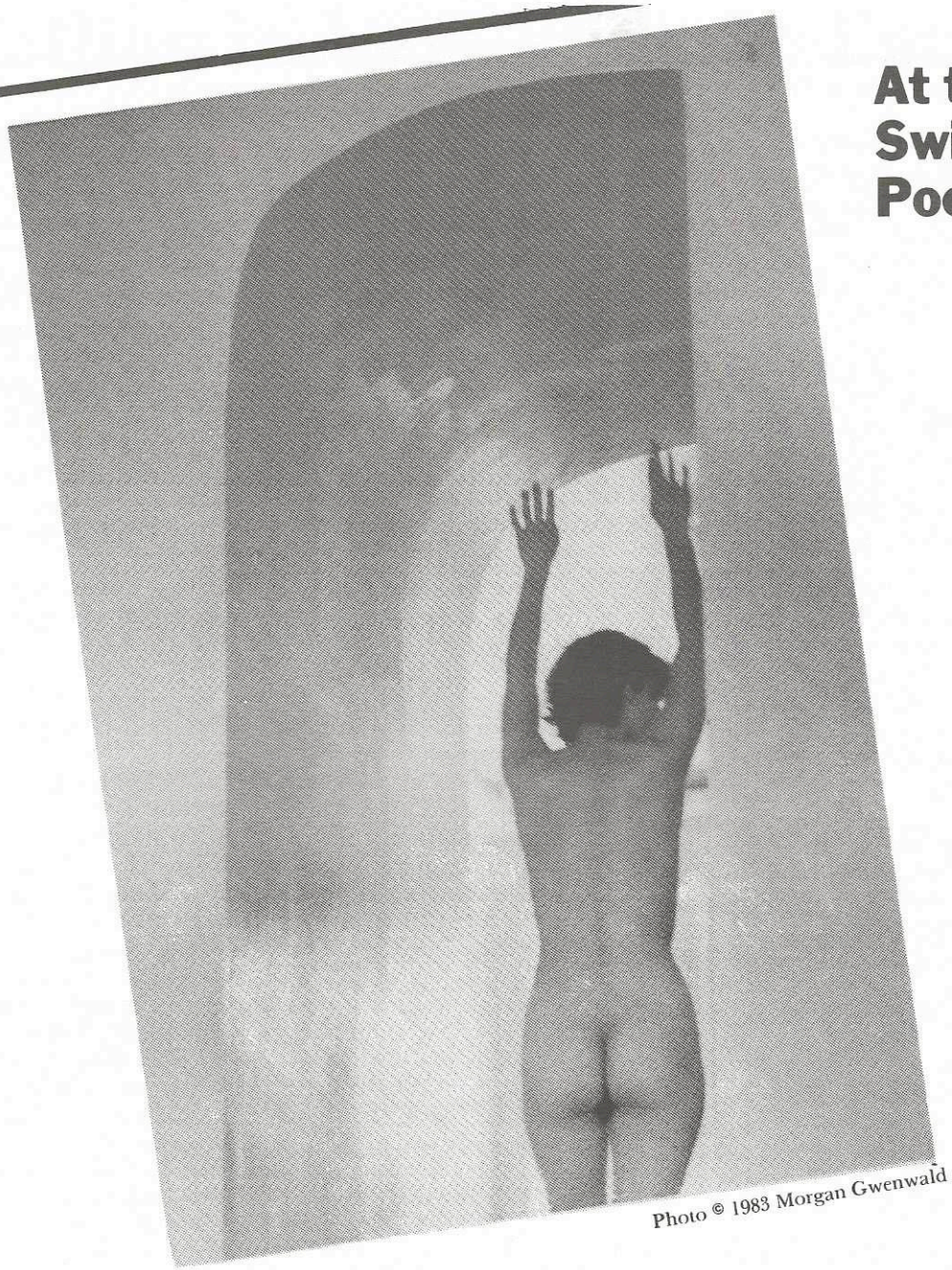


Photo © 1983 Morgan Gwenwald

By Cindy Patton

I swim every day from noon to 1:30. I have a regular set of workouts that I do, always checking times and noting distances. I love the flying sensation of swimming when every part of my stroke is working correctly. The constant splash, splash, of my arms lulls me and wipes away all of the intrusive and alarming noises of my day. Today I did my hard speed workout. I joke with myself that I switch between being a sadist and a masochist with my swimming routines. But it is hard to keep straight which role I'm in. Today, I alternately force myself to swim one more repetition, and feel the excruciating pain of not being able to take another second off the lap. First, I'm pushing myself and then I'm being taken away by my body's own will to go on.

I drag myself out ot the water after a few cool-down laps. The pool is in an old building with three story bleachers and a high ceiling. Beautiful 25 foot high windows admit natural light. The tiles are an old conservative deco pattern in muted greens and redish brown.

The locker room is dark and confined by comparison, but the warm and steamy air replaces the feeling of claustrophobia with a sense of easy, oozy comfort. I walk along the short hall to my locker. I swagger in a funny manner, partly from the change in gravity and the transition to the verticality of dry land, and partly from the cold, pebbly floor. The slabs of marble look as if someone shot at them with a beebee gun. An attempt no doubt to prevent people like me

who can't walk straight after brutalizing themselves in the pool from slipping on the wet floor. It hurts the bottoms of my feet.

I grab my towel, soap, and shampoo.

The shower room is a large open room with a small partition down the middle to double the area for attaching showerheads. The nozzles themselves are hung so that the water comes straight down. I go to the same spot every day, hang my towel on the next shower, set the water to just the right temparature.

For a good half an hour I wash every part of myself over and over. Every few minutes I turn the water hotter and harder, feel the heavy congregation of drops crash against my head. This is a different sound from the pool, but still, no human sounds intrude. I wash my hair and hang my head slightly forward to get the soap out. I scrub and rinse, scrub and rinse.

I open one eye to see if there is still soap running out of my hair. I can never tell by the feel whether I have gotten it all out. As I shake some water out of my eye, I notice that someone is in the shower next to mine. This is exactly why I hang my towel there, to keep other women away from me while I perform my favorite ritual. She has moved the towel.

Angrily, I turn the water even hotter and start washing myself again.

"You must go through a bar of soap a day."

I try to pretend not to hear, but the sound of a voice after two hours of water causes me to jump, and I don't think I can fake avoidance.

"No, only one a week," I say in the flattest tone I can manage.

She seems to get the hint and begins to wash her hair.

She looks familiar, and I realize it is the woman who swims in the lane next to mine. We have probably been swimming side by side for a year. Sometimes I use her to make me pick up my pace. Some days I pass her, but others I don't. I think she speeds up when she feels me coming up behind her. Funny, we've never spoken.

She has long, elegant legs, with that extra little bit of fat along the thighs that swimmers never seem to shed. As she turns to get the soap out of her hair, I see she has an extraordinarily well-developed back. A swimmer's back. It looks like it gets a little help from Nautilus, too. She lifts her head to shake the soap out of her eyes, and a little glob slithers down her shoulder, running easily over her shoulder blades and down toward the middle of her back. I watch as the soap continues its course down her spine and into the crack of her ass. A split second later it reemerges on the back inside of her thigh, flowing rapidly down until it hits her kneee and accelerates down the back of her calf and onto the floor. I notice that the water running into the drain is slightly yellowish. I chuckle to myself. She is peeing into the drain. I love to pee in the shower at home, but I'm too self-conscious to do it when anyone else is in the shower.

I imagine the hot pee running down her leg. After swimming your skin is much colder than usual, so the pee feels like it's burning. She glances over and notices me watching her pee run down the drain.

"Do you have any conditioner?"

I'm startled out of my reverie, and turn a little red, realizing I've been staring at Ms. Lane 3 for some time. I feel exposed, like she is reading my mind.

'Conditioner?" I ask.

"Yeah, you know, *conditioner.*"

"Oh, right, conditioner. Well, actually, I just used mine up. Sorry."

I turn over the empty plastic bottle. The last few drops of piss-colored liquid trickle out.

She walks over and bolts the door leading out of the shower. I stare at her. Silently, she kneels in front of me and puts her head between my legs.

I realize she expects me to pee on her head. I just can't. I mean, I could pee, if I was alone, but with her head between my legs, well, I just can't. I guess I have shy pee.

She reaches up the backs of my legs with her hands, her arms between my legs. Her fingers dance lightly over my ass cheeks, and the backs of my thighs. She massages my tired legs, and she presses her face into my crotch. I'm at a complete loss for what to do with my hands, so I reach over and turn the water on hotter.

She pulls me tighter to her, and I feel her tongue make its way toward my clit. I spread my legs a little wider and tilt my pelvis forward to give her a better angle. Her tongue darts around my clit and labia, establishing the lay of the terrain. She sucks on the right labia, then the left. I hear her gulp as she swallows some of the water running off my body.

I remember that I am supposed to pee. But I just can't. She slides her tongue over my clit and I tense. It is erect and tender. When she moves her face back slightly, the hot water runs directly onto it. My whole cunt is burning from the water and the high voltage running in from my lower back. I arch back a little more and press my pelvis harder into her face. She flicks her tongue against my clit, and I realize that I am going to come. I am embarrassed to come so quickly; I must have been working myself up while I was watching her shower. I'm caught completely by surprise by this roaring furnace between my legs.

I grab her hair then let go and try to rest my hands casually on her head. I use her as a reference point to steady myself. She rolls her tongue harder around my clit, gripping my thighs tighter to let me know that she is in control, she won't let me fall. As she pulls me in I come, snorting and choking in the heavy flow of shower water. I catch my breath and come again, barely able to stand.

With a burst, I let out my breath and hold tighter onto her head. She holds me but pulls her head back.

"Pee!" she says in a commanding voice.

And I do. Right onto her forehead. She tips her head back and massages my pee into her scalp.

"Umm," she says, tipping her head back even further. My pee is running into her face and she closes her eyes. I watch as the yellow stream hits her face and runs quickly around her nose, down her chin and then under, growing paler as it mixes with

Falling in Love With the Enemy

By Veneita Porter

I spent almost an hour on the phone with Allen tonight talking about all the horrible shit that happens to black folks. Fear not, this wasn't a simple diatribe on living in a fetid white society because the blood be hurtin the blood as well. I felt my consciousness start to submerge when we started talking about the Atlanta child murders. Inside, part of me understands that if I were ever to release my rage at what happens to us, my world as I know it would quite simply be destroyed.

In the same stream of thought I fantasize about what I'd like to do with a very hot anglo who comes in to proofread on Thursdays. Part of me wants to hug her tightly, to feel the imprint of her breasts against mine, but some part of me wants all of them to pay. . .

There is always the possiblity of slavery . . . Where is the comfortable place between rage, pain and pleasure? Is it that moment right before you scream with release? Is that the place where we have the shower water.

Then it reappears running down her broad chest, her large, firm breasts. The pee fans out as it crosses her hard stomach, which has just a tiny little hint of the softness that comes with age no matter how many sit-ups you do. Then, ever-so-pale, it converges again as it runs down into her crotch. I close my eyes, and imagine what wonders I will find in that crotch. A wet, swollen cunt with a clit just waiting for attention. I'll slide my hand down that fabulous chest and part her thighs until my fingers make my way into her, as many fingers as she wants.

I reach out to touch her and search out these hidden places, say a gentle thank you and return the favor.

But I must have been standing in the shower some time, because she has gone. There is no one there. The door to the locker room is standing wide open, but I don't hear a sound from out there. I reach between my legs and find an alert clit, waiting patiently for its owner's brain to get the message. Quickly, I rub myself until I come—quick, functional, no messing around, right to the point. I have to find Lane #3. I grab my towel and rush out of the shower, but she is nowhere. As I round the last corner, I see a flash of blue jeans, but I can't tell who it is. I walk down the last row of lockers, feeling each bathing suit, until I find the one that is wet.

Red, with a gold stripe down each side. Lane #3. Standing right in front of the locker room door, I fondle the suit. It is smooth and slippery, so thin and sheer it seems magical. The locker room door swings open, banging against my shoulder.

"Excuse me, but could you move? We have team practice now."

I step aside as six large, lean women rush by in a flurry of gym bags and towels. Each clutches a red cap and matching red bathing suit, with gold trim on each side.

no color?

It has always been difficult to explain, nay, difficult to understand, my black Indian's feelings that tear me apart make me self-destruct on a regular basis. No one has ever showed me how to use this internal fire so that I do not burn myself or others. There is a lot of street stuff that says, "You can never trust a white one. They are souless." So in spite of the part that loves, there is always a need to test, to push and to see how far the limit of "love" goes.

There is a sense of both triumph and embarrassment in being with a white lover. The triumph is about feeling like you came a long distance to get to this place together. All that "two worlds" shit. Part of me knows that raised poor or working class is a common bond that goes deeper than skin. Yet fingers tongues cocks and cunts don't ask for ethnic credentials when they are warm wet and hard . . . so much for politics.

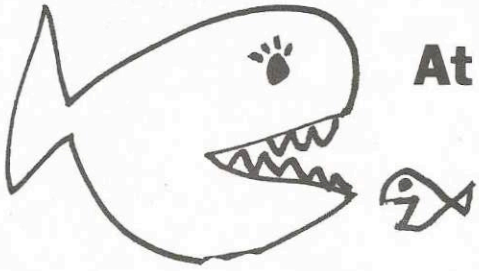
I never fantasize about strangers. It's not safe. There is an element of known quantity in my fantasies. The curve of a lip, the hollow of a collarbone, perhaps the memory of a kiss, are all interwoven to create a breathless place in my mind. In this place, anglos are always there to do my bidding completely and unquestioningly. Their only desire is me! I don't have to think about whether they're comfortable kneeling.

In my real world, I'm often the giver, the provider, so willing to guide someone through to a place of passion but with a reluctance to escape with them. To get beyond an adversary relationship one has to fall in love with the enemy. I don't mean story-book material, just every-working-day love. I've got there with friends, but whenever there are periods of mis- or non-communication, I start to wonder. It's hard not to feel a victim to your color. Not to wear it like a shield telling all to keep back. But we pay. I pay inside for all that dynamite unfused.

I look at flowers growing in the cracks of the sidewalk, bravely showing their colors and sometimes I say to myself, "If they can do it, I sure ain't got nothing to complain about." Living in a city like Boston one has to develop a healthy fear of everyday racism. So much fucking water off my back. Sometimes I just want to rip them limb from limb. It's hard not to carry that kind of garbage into a relationship. A lot of them haven't survived. My pain over those doesn't leave.

It's sort of a two-steps-forward-one-step-back process, the black & white thing, you know? I know self-pride is the center where we must begin. No one helps a victim, just chastises. Developing our fantasies to the point of reality is essential for me because the subconscious tells me things I need to listen to. Approaching people is not easy. But what is? Let's be serious. There are people you and I want in our lives. Fall in love with an enemy. There's a possibility of slavery. There's a possibility of freedom.

At the Swimming Pool #2



By Sue Hyde

I finish my daily mile swim with an invigorating five lap sprint and haul myself out of the pool, my shoulders and upper arms throbbing in a wash of lactic acid. Suits are optional garments at the gym's a.m. women's swim; as always, I opt for skin swimming. I stride from the pool to the locker room against a backdrop of flip turns and trudgen crawls. Still rushing from the sprints, I impulsively decide to treat myself to a massage, something I've never done before. But, its been a particularly productive week at the gym—three good sessions in the pool and two muscle busters in the weight room. What the hell, I deserve the rub and I'm feeling trim and solid at the same time, even though I'm still eight pounds in excess of my most-preferred-weight. Oh well, after some ten years of devoted exercise and fervent desire, my saddlebags stubbornly refuse to budge from my upper thighs. We're in it together for the duration, I think ruefully.

I take a detour past the massage room on my way to the whirlpool. I tell the woman I'd like a rubdown or whatever she calls it. She's working on someone, but tells me to come back in 20 minutes. She doesn't look up from her work while we make arrangements, so I get a chance to look her over. Long legs and arms. About 35 with reddish, punked-out hair. Hands like, well, like toilet seat covers. Large in every direction. I'm a hand fetishist. It's the first part of a woman's body I notice. I don't fuck with people whose hands I don't want. Hers were gorgeous: strong, square, competent, and big. I flash on what those hands might feel like all over and around my cunt. And then, one of them inside. Suddenly, my cunt tents up inside me, makes a space for that hand that doesn't even know me yet. I mumble to the woman that I'll see her in 20 minutes, a little shocked by my cunt which seems to have an agenda and mind all its own.

I spend the next 20 minutes in the whirlpool, both stewing in the burbling water and steaming for those hands. When I climb out, I'm red and dripping in every possible way. On legs weak from exercise as well as desire, I walk back to the massage room. It's just a booth really, with sliding glass doors and a heavy curtain that can be pulled, for privacy I suppose, but I've never really thought much about it. In all my comings and goings past the masseuse's lair, I'd never even noticed if she closed the curtain or not.

I stop in the doorway to her room. Her other customer must have just left—she's wiping down the table. Now she looks up at me. Green eyes hit me in the face. OK, good hands, green eyes. And a plainly handsome face. Suddenly, I'm distressed by my saddlebags. I try to screw up the courage to speak. She reminds me why I'm here.

"Come in," she says. "I don't think I've worked on you before. I'm Annya."

A slight accent I can't place. She extends to me one of those hands. I manage "Hello" but that's all, so consumed am I by the sacramental aspects of this simple and customary touch of greeting.

She gestures to the table, tells me to lie face down upon it. I have no choice but to comply. She asks me questions. Have I had injuries to my spine? Am I sore in any particular place? What do I like? This last question stumps me. I say I've never had a massage before, tell her to do what she likes. "Mmmm," she says to this reply and sets to work on my feet, coaxing a week's worth of fatigue from each. I become spellbound by her hands. She meticulously works her way up my lower limbs, inching closer and closer to that deep well of embarassingly obvious want. What next? She kneads my thighs and I gasp quietly, close my eyes and order a shutdown of all other sensory input so I can better attend to those hands, now pummeling my gluteus, max, mid and min. She spreads my cheeks a bit and begins to lightly rub my anus.

"This muscle needs attention, too," she offers softly.

Though I'm past the point of needing any explanations, it occurs to me to wonder whether this permutation of the art of massage is something they do where she comes from. She pours massage oil on my tight little asterisk and I think maybe that will loosen it up. I clutch the table with my hands. My head jerks up from the towel covering the table. I want to thrash and moan, but I know the curtain is open, or I think it might be, so I just whimper. I try to drive my hips through the tabletop to escape this patient exploration of

my ass. She sets her hand on my head, and nearly covers it, like a cap. I push back against her palm, grateful for a piece of her against which I can resist.

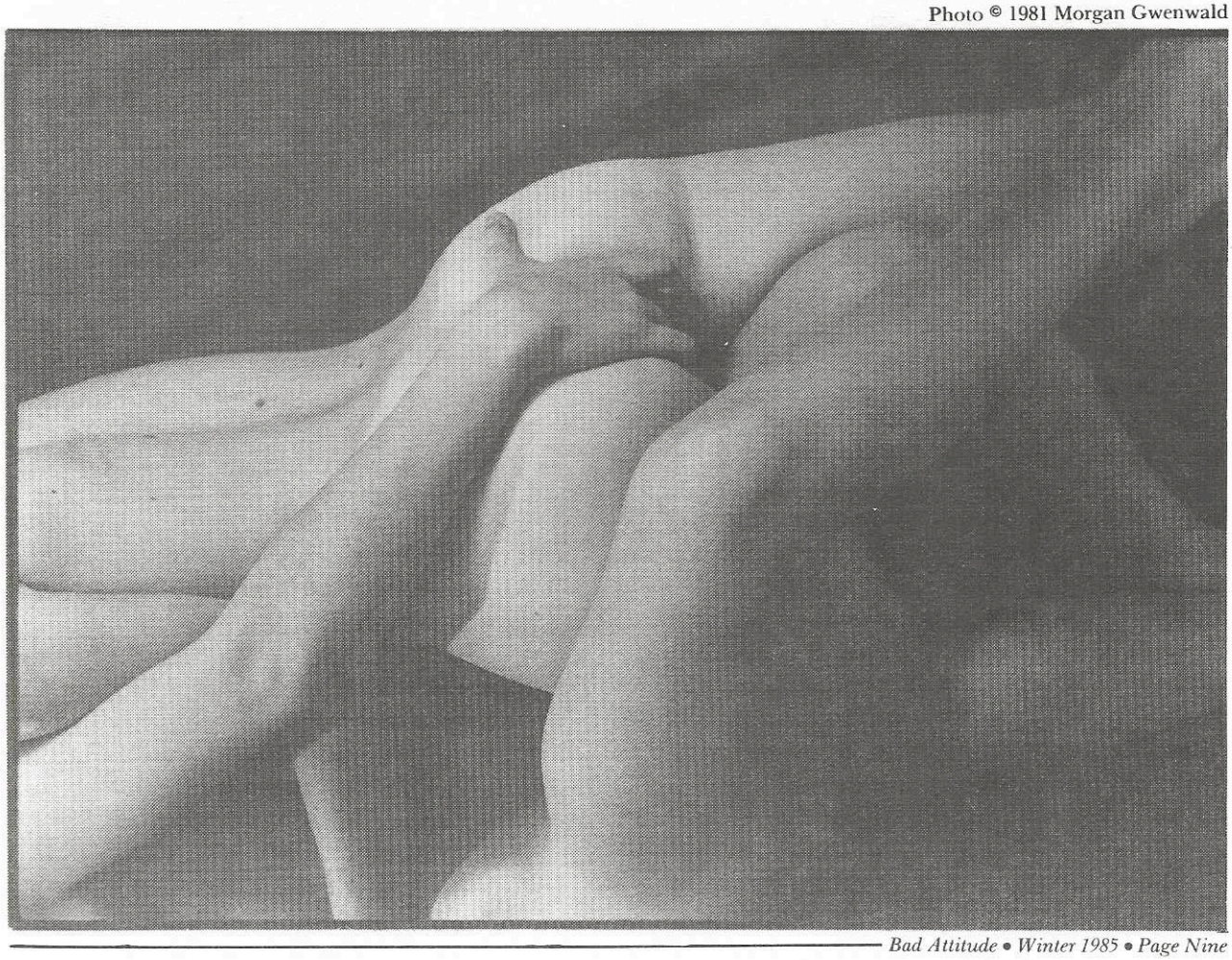
She leans close to my head, rubbing my scalp, and says, "Lie still. You can breathe hard and whimper and moan," speaking slowly and deliberately as though she is talking to an agitated animal, "but you must lie very still. Especially your hips."

Moans from me. All that heat and desire and passion which wants to thrust and thrash, all of it crammed into my moans. Not big enough, I think, not enough space in these moans. But I lie still, afraid that if I don't she'll take her hands away. I know I'd die without them now. And I want one whole hand inside.

But still she works my asshole. What good is this, I think. Clit throbs, cunt yawns open. Asshole aboslutely unyielding to gentle ministrations. She won't quit. She talks to me in a language I don't understand, but it soothes. I quiet down. She stays right there with my asshole, promises she won't leave. Around and in and out and around. I can feel it well. She enters with one oiled finger. I choke back a scream of surpise. Then she screws her hand around so her thumb is free to roam from clit to cunt, all the while, that fucking finger up where no one has been before. What a disiraction. A deep blush of humiliation and shame overtakes me. I beg for her hand in my face; she gives it to me. I bury my face in her ample palm. I take two fingers in my mouth, suck them into the back of my throat. I gag and suck harder. I want everything.

Her thumb teases my clit, flirts with my wet cunt. I can't move my hips, I'm pinned to the table by that invading finger in my asshole. She starts to pump slowly and lightly, and to increase the intensity of the pumping motion, up and down on my clit, insistent, unrelenting, unforgiving. I pull on her fingers with my mouth, bite them, choke on them. I am pounded by a consuming orgasm, tumble over it, fall around it, can't avoid it. My vagina shuts on itself, thrums for a moment and then opens up again. Dextrously, the masseuse shoves all her fingers, save the asshole plug, into my cunt. Hips fly from the table, free for the moment. She fucks my ass, fucks my cunt, she fucks my mouth. A dizzying fuck. Lost to those hands, possessed by them; she has me at each orifice. I am suffused with shame and released from it. Briefly and from a place high above the planet, I see it spin in space. But Newton prevails. I return to my place on the table, to her hands, now quiet, in anus, cunt, mouth. A kind of relief floods me. I cry. She sets her forehead against the nape of my neck, lips caress my shoulder. She takes her hands out of me. Turns me over. I sob hard now, want to be rid of everything. She holds me, just so, for a long time.

Photo © 1981 Morgan Gwenwald



The Belt

By Judith Stein

It was Sunday, late afternoon. Miriam and Sonya decided to go to the K-Mart to shop for their New Year's outfits. Miriam was planning to wear tight-fitting tuxedo pants with a torn, leather-trimmed black sweatshirt. She knew she looked tough, and could get Sonya hot just by talking about that outfit. But she needed something to finish it off.

As they walked through the store, nothing seemed quite right until they passed a rack of belts. A red studded belt caught Miriam's eye. There were three different kinds of studded belts, all made to wrap twice around a woman's waist. Miriam pulled a belt from the rack and looked at Sonya.

"Hey, look! Don't you think a belt like this would look good on me?"

Sonya's eyes widened as she saw what Miriam was holding. "I thought you didn't like leather and studs. Would you wear that?'

Miriam's voice was low. "Would you like it Sonya? Would it make you hot?"

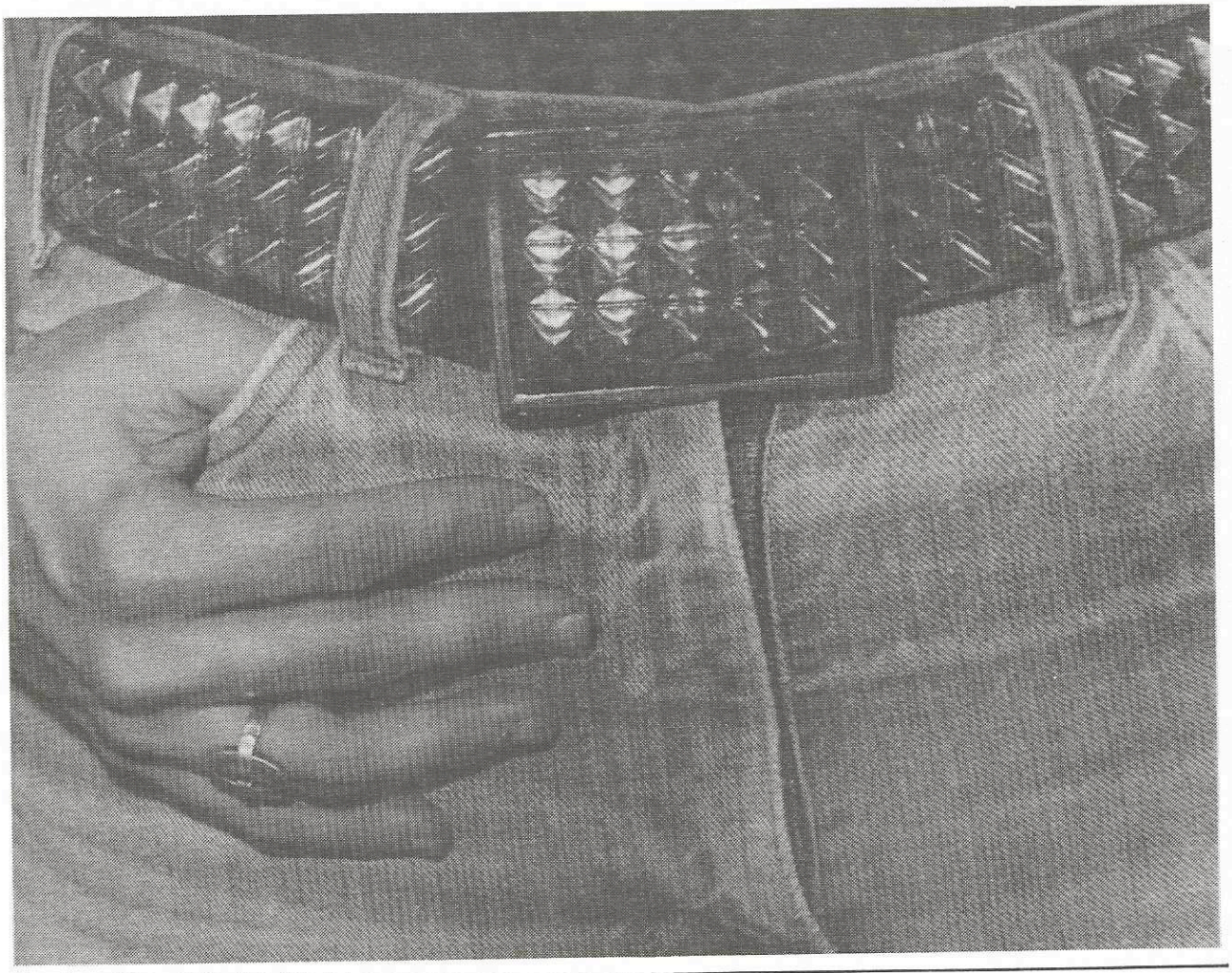
Sonya's eyes were shining. Eagerly, she helped Miriam try on the belts. Each time she reached around Miriam's waist, she managed to rub against her tits. As Sonya felt Miriam's nipples get hard, her own breathing got a little ragged.

"Well, the skinny girls can wrap these suckers twice, but I think we just found some nice studded belts for fat dykes," Miriam said, laughing. Then she saw Sonya's face, flushed with heat and lips slightly parted. "You like the idea of me wearing these belts?" Miriam asked in a low voice. She grabbed Sonya's chin, to force Sonya to look her right in the eyes.

Sonya's breathing was a little fast, but she gave a small smile and tried to look away. "Did you see those day-glo belts over there?" she asked in an innocent voice.

Miriam held Sonya's head immobile a few more seconds before abruptly releasing her. "You feisty little bitch! You're getting hot, aren't you Sonya? You like it when I look tough, don't you?"

Photo © 1981 Morgan Gwenwald



This time, Sonya looked directly at Miriam. "You can't even imagine how it makes me feel, Miriam, to think of you in those belts, that outfit . . . I'm hot just from the thought of it."

"Right here in the K-Mart? You dirty, slutty girl." Miriam moved very close to Sonya, almost touching her. She kept talking in her huskiest voice. "It's a good thing no one else is looking at belts, isn't it, dirty girl. They just might see the heat in your eyes. Maybe they would smell the heat from your wet pussy . . . Would they, Sonya? Just how wet is your pussy, huh? Is it good and soaked? Can you feel your pussy clench?"

Sonya didn't answer. She was staring at Miriam in the studded belts. "What colors would you get, Miriam? Did you see the tan ones?"

Miriam grabbed Sonya's arm, hard. "I asked you a question, girl, and you didn't answer me. Just how wet is your pussy."

Sonya paused, feeling Miriam's grip tighten on her arm, then murmured, "Very wet, Miriam."

"That's better. When I ask you about your twat, I expect an answer. is that clear?"

As Sonya nodded yes, Miriam reached over and gave her nipple a hard squeeze. Sonya moaned. Miriam looked her in the eyes. "Don't make so much noise, Sonya. Don't even make a sound. Just stand there and watch me wrap these belts on. Do you think they look good, Sonya? Does the idea of this leather make your dripping pussy clench?"

Sonya's breathing, though quiet, was definitely faster. "My pussy is clenching Miriam. It's so wet. When I think of you in that outfit . . . I'm going to come Miriam. No, I can't, not right here . . . "

"Yes you can, you nasty thing. You're going to come right here. You're such a hot slut you're going to come right in the middle of this store. That's right, Sonya, let it out. Come for me. I'm ordering you."

Sonya took three sharp breaths. Her face reddened as she stifled a small sound somewhere between a moan and a choke. "Oh Miriam, I just came . . . I just did, right here for you, just like you wanted . . ."

Miriam grabbed Sonya's arm and began walking. "It's a good thing you did, Sonya. Now, get over to that dressing room so we can finish what we started. I want to fuck you good."

© 1985 Judith Stein

We Make Love

By Dorothy Allison

We make love
And it's a game, called
"Maybe you'll live long enough"

We make love.
It's a game called
"I know what you want
but I won't give it."

We make love
It's a game called
"Just what you deserve"
called
"Justice"
"Despair"
called
"The most vicious revenge"
or
"Reparations"

Even so
I come

© 1985 Dorothy Allison

June

By E.J. Graff

The slant sound of jazz
and random cars passing. Pieces of hair
fall from my light
summer haircut. Last night
the musical flash
of quick summer rain came
just as we started to moan, as we fell
sweaty on cool sheets, her body
sleek on my greedy mouth,
her summer skin humming on mine.

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Her Style

By E.J. Graff

Her yellow dress (her magician's robe, she says), her hips,
her lavender Chinese shoes, her deep laugh,
her hips inside her dress, her earrings, her hair all
long and sleek down her dress, her black eyes, her liquid
eyes, her strong hands, her hips moving out of her dress—

She lay back in the tub, the hot water soaking her tired muscles. It had been a long day on the job, a day that seemed to consist of moving a hundred two-by-fours made of steel. She smiled, proud of what her 45 year old body could still do. She discovered more and more of its strengths every day. Already her forearms were solid and her back was hard and broad. She loved the construction work, loved to see the houses change shape under the guidance of her hands, loved to solve a problem of angles first with her mind and then with her tools. But she was still glad when quitting time came, particularly today. Her girlfriend from New York was spending the night, was, in fact, waiting for her in the bedroom.

She spread her legs, letting the hot water push against her, watched it circle her breasts—all breasts and muscle, she grinned. Not a bad combination. She was going to use both of them tonight. She knew what her honey wanted and she was more than willing to comply. In fact, she had a few new ideas. She let her head drop back against the tub's edge. Sometimes it was wonderful being butch, to know clearly what your women lovers had been saying to you over the years, to know what brought on the wetness and how to slip your hand under them so they began moving. Not that it was rote by now: every time was different, at least in the beginning.

Pat's Story

By Joan Nestle

"Would you like your back washed?"

She looked up in surprise. Carol stood in the doorway, dressed in a black slip, purple stockings and lavender sling back heels. The slip with its thin straps cupped her breasts, the lace resting on their fullness. The half-hard nipples pushed against the silk while the rest of the slip showed the fullness of the body underneath. Carol was a big woman and at this moment her flesh was proud.

"No, that's ok, I'll be out in a minute."

They had only a short time together and they both had already discovered that the best way of talking for them was making love. She laughed to herself. She knew a wanting femme when she saw one, but she also saw the love in Carol's eyes. Their lovemaking was not a test to see whether she could live up to her butch reputation. They had both discovered months ago that they pleased each other that way. What she saw in Carol's eyes was desire, deep and stark, the sexual needing of an opened woman. Carol wanted her, her hands, her arms, her breasts, her cunt, her tongue. This Carol had made clear. She remembered the first time she had lifted Carol's legs back into her chest, opening her up completely and then laying over her so she could feel Carol's wetness and the fullness of her clit under her. She did not need Carol to tell her that something special had happened that night.

She slowly lifted herself out of the tub, her tall body rising from the heat. Sometimes life was hard, sometimes the loneliness and disappointments bore down on her like a lead sky, but tonight she felt good. She slowly dried herself and then sat on the closed toilet seat, taking long hauls of the joint she always treated herself to after a long hard day. She knew that Carol did not mind waiting, that expectation was a wonderful sharpener of desire. She had one more thing to do in preparation for the night. She ran her nails over her lips, checking for ragged edges. Then she carefully clipped any offending corners. She was taking responsibility for at least that part of the evening. Long ago she had learned that lovemaking was a combination of knowing the body's angles and curves and of pushing at its boundaries. Finally ready, she stood up, put a comb through her hair and strolled into the bedroom.

She paused in the doorway and ju
who was lying on her stomach in the
slightly and the slip had pulled up e

"How's my New York slut doing?

"Have you finished with all your p
in the pillows. Then softly, "I want

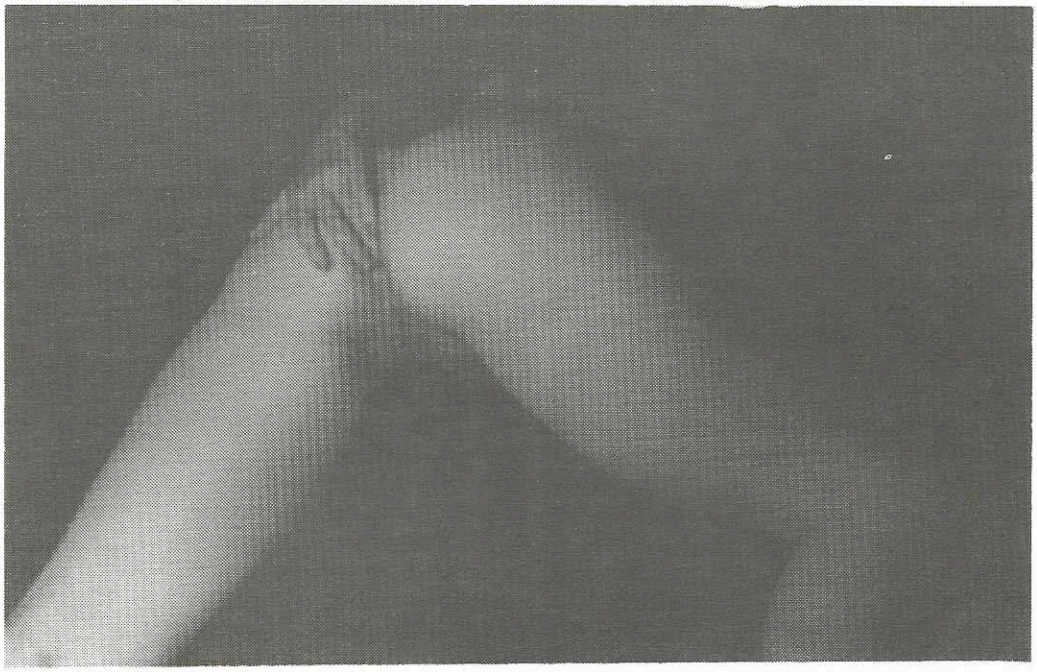
"I know baby but I need just to wat
watch you grind your hips into that

Dusk fell into the room; the only
breathing. Then Carol started mak
"Please, please, don't make me wait
lowered herself onto Carol's back.
woman beneath her. She secured Car
using the strength of her body and h
into Carol's neck and cheek. She thr
Carol never stopped moving below h
onto Carol's legs, onto the lip. She p
fingers from the woman's cunt to he
body strain underneath her, almost l
room for touching.

"Tonight I am going to fuck you i
ear, "but you have to want it." She b
and pushed at the surface. Carol's b
Carol thrust herself back on the fing

"You tell me when you are ready. Y
rubbing the soft skin, slipping in ju
hips first away and then bring them b
tides of her body. Her own wetness
knowledge of the entry to come.

"Give me your ass to tell me you ar
turned face. There was a pause, a sil



ood looking at the black-slipped woman
dle of the large bed. Her hips were moving
ing her thighs above the purple stockings.
e said, as she slowly circled the bed.
ations," Carol answered, turning her head
"
u a little. I am going to sit in this chair and
I want to watch you move."
ds were the rustling of the slip and Pat's
little moaning sounds. Soon the words,
onger" were heard. Pat quickly got up and
ong, broad body completely covered the
nds above her head with her own and just
uth she started to take her woman. She bit
r tongue into Carol's ear and all the time
e rode with her, her own wetness seeping
r hand between Carol's legs, running her
re protected place of entry. She felt Carol's
them both up as she tried to give Pat more

fferent place," she murmured into Carol's
ht her wet fingers back to Carol's asshole
tiffened under her while at the same time

t me know when you can take it." She kept
tip of her finger. She felt Carol move her
as if Pat's finger was the moon drawing the
n on Carol's ass and she swelled with the

ly," she said gently, her head above Carol's
in the room and then the sound of a deep
intake of breath as Carol slid her hips back onto Pat's hand. The sign had been given.

She positioned herself more carefully over the woman's back, her arm drew back the muscles that had lifted beams now tensed for a more delicate power. She pushed her finger, blunt and strong, into Carol, feeling the tight resistance of the ass muscles, the strong sentinels protecting the soft world inside. Carol moaned, a different sound from when she had penetrated her cunt. This was deeper, almost as if the body was finding a new voice for this more guarded entry.

"Yes baby, here." She pushed harder. Carol was helping by moving her ass back and forth, her whole back coming up under Pat's body, her arms stretching out above her head. Then her finger was through—a wonderful mixture of tightness and softness grasped her. She started to move back and forth, penetrating a little more with each stroke. Carol's moans became louder, she was tossing her head from side to side, pushing the pillow up against the wall. Carol's whole body rocked under her and then suddenly Carol raised herself up to her knees forcing Pat back. Now it was clear Carol wanted it all. She was thrusting her ass back and forth onto Pat's finger. She looked down at the woman, watching the strength of a woman's want, watching her finger move in and out. With her other hand she reached under Carol and opened her cunt lips. Wetness dripped down onto the sheets. Carol was rocking quickly now, all hips and ass, and the joy was flowing through Pat's fingers, her arms. She had brought this woman to her pleasure and she was going to bring her home. Then Carol fell forward, pulling Pat with her.

"Oh baby, so good, so good."

Slowly, carefully, she moved out, stopping to let Carol rest as her ass muscles first fought release and then let her go with all their power. She fell over Carol and they both lay that way for many minutes. Carol at first was still moving as if a phantom finger was still inside her. Pat could feel her ass muscles clench and grow loose over and over again. She heard her own breathing come back to normal and became aware of the longing in her own body. She liked the sweat that trickled between them, liked the feeling of her breasts and muscles on this woman who had made a home for her in her body. She liked the smell in the room. Someday she would offer her up her own ass, but for now she rested and loved.

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Pleasure and Danger:
Exploring Female Sexuality
Edited by Carole S. Vance
Routledge & Kegan Paul
462 pp.

Reviewed by Linda Gardiner

Once upon a time, the only way one got to write about sex was by being against it. The prurient Victorians obsessed about vice; as long as they didn't actually encourage it, they could talk and write to their hearts' content. That tradition is still with us—not only in the Moral Majority's fantasies about the fascinatingly bizarre sex life everyone but themselves is enjoying, but also the seemingly endless willingness to focus on sex, in the form of pornography and perversion, to the exclusion of all else that now marks the feminist right. But there's also a slightly more enlightened alternative: you can talk about sex in public—even say that it's a Good Thing—as long as it's in the service of the intellect. Hence the appearance of conferences about sexuality (a politer word than plain old sex), of which the most notorious of recent years was the 1982 The Feminist and The Scholar conference at Barnard—know now as simply "The Barnard Conference."

The conference took place at a time when much of the feminist agitation for women's control of their own bodies—organizing and writing around issues of pornography, abortion, rape, and so forth—took it for granted that the real function of sex was to be the male instrument (pun intended) for terrorizing and exploiting women. To read many of the articles and books on the topic, you would think that the conjunction of sex and violence was inevitable; that ridding the world of one meant (regretfully, to be sure, but necessarily) abandoning the other. The exaltation of lesbians (as long as they weren't into s/m, butch-femme roles, or other forms of literal or metaphorical violence) as the practitioners of a truly feminist sexuality turned out all too often to rest on a new version of the slur that we thought we had laid to rest—the belief that whatever lesbians did do in bed, it wasn't really having sex. Lesbianism could be the theory as long as celibacy was the practice.

In this context, a conference that aimed to explore the pleasures of sex as much as (or, astonishingly, even more than) to dissect its dangers was a pretty scandalous event—not only for the world at large but for much of the feminist and lesbian community, too. The volatile reactions aroused by public advocacy of sex, no matter how academic and theoretical the occasion, are graphically illustrated by the furore over the event itself, which editor Carole Vance outlines in an Epilogue to this book. If the emphasis in *Pleasure and Danger* on the vast armament of methods used in this society to suppress or at least control sexuality isn't convincing enough, the story she tells of how the conference itself was almost censored out of existence is a pretty disturbing object-lesson.

But for once virtue and reason triumphed, the conference did go on as planned, and this collection is a nearly complete record of the occasion, at least from the conference speakers' point of view. (Although most of the sessions were "workshops," there's no representation of the discussions that went on after the papers had been read.)

So, if you're aching to find out what the typical sex-obsessed academic feminist has on her mind, here's a good place to start. And if you enjoy arguing about sex as well as practicing it, you'll find plenty of food for thought. (The papers by Gayle Rubin on the politics of sexuality, Joan Nestle on "The Fem Question" and Amber Hollibaugh on "Desire for the Future" are especially worth reading.) The collection gets points for avoiding the ghettoization of lesbians and privileging of heterosexual women that's typical of most books about women's sexuality. Taken together, the papers, the workshop presentations and the poetry readings that closed the conference all give the impression that lesbians are (finally!) part of, indeed central to, the feminist conversation about sexuality, no matter which group of women happens to be having the conversation. It would be nice to think that *Pleasure and Danger* marked a milestone here: that by simply taking for granted that you can't talk about sex without talking about *all* kinds of sex it sets the standard for future discussions. But although as a (thin, white, able-bodied) lesbian I felt at home in the book, I couldn't help wondering whether some other women might still feel more like invited guests than part of the family. Yes, there was a workshop on fat women, and one on disabled women, and yes, there are several contributions by women of color—including the complex and eloquent paper on sexuality as discourse, "Interstices: A Small Drama of Words" by Hortense Spillers—but too many of the issues those articles raise don't get taken up by other women on neighboring pages. Still, paper after paper emphasizes how easy it is to ignore or distort any version of sexuality that isn't sanctioned by the cultural powers that be; and those constant reminders do help to make the reader more conscious of precisely the kinds of sexuality that are usually most absent. *Pleasure and Danger* may expose you to a diversity of experiences you may never have thought about before. For that alone, it's worth reading from cover to cover.

In the end, though, I found reading *Pleasure and Danger* to be an oddly depressing experience. Not because the book itself isn't good at what it sets out to do, but because of the dire picture it paints. One theme that emerges over and over is the precariousness of the sexual freedom that many of us have come to take for granted, and the minuscule degree of real freedom that we *have* achieved. Whether it's Gayle Rubin analyzing the effect of the punitive sex-related legislation of the last five or six years (she argues persuasively that 1977 was an unmarked turning-point in the reassertion of control by the state over sexuality, especially gay and female sexuality), or Faye Ginsburg tracing the successes of the anti-abortion activists, or Sharon Thompson documenting the virtually universal fixation of teenage girls with heterosexual romance and the inequities that go with it, the one overwhelming message of the book, it seems, is that we *are* in danger—but not so much from the rapist in the stairwell whose presence is intimated in the cover illustration, as from the whole apparatus of social control which perpetuates ideals of normalcy and decency that haven't really changed a bit in spite of all the fuss about liberation.

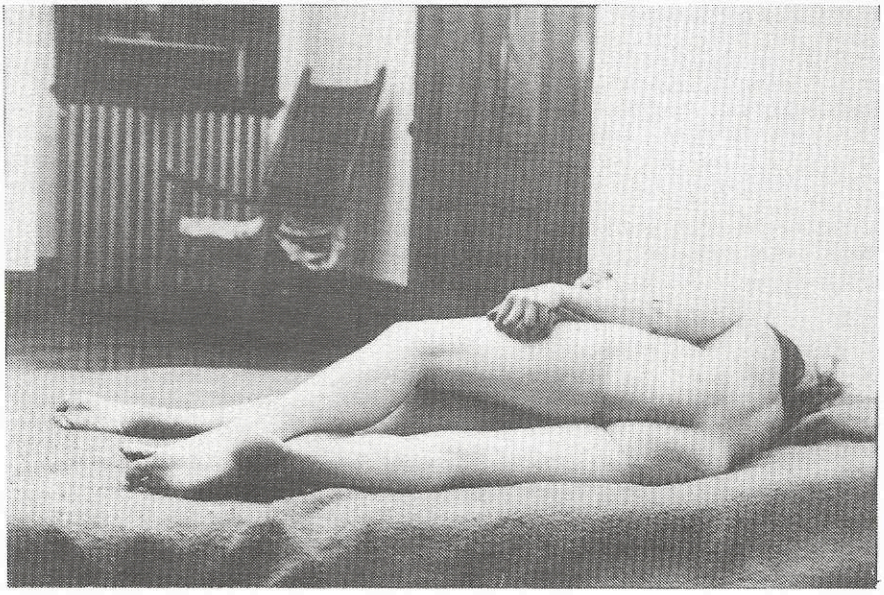
Meryl Altman's essay, for example, shows how the kind of publication most commonly associated with sexual liberation—the sex manual of the 70s—paradoxically helps to reinforce a restrictive, judgmental conception of "proper" sex:

> A preoccupation with getting rid of "problems" which can get in the way of "normal" sexuality also informs the way homosexuality and lesbianism are discussed. The Joy of Sex, whose title presumes that it is all-encompassing (it is not, after all, called *The Joy of Heteroseuxal Sex*) contains not a single reference to homosexuality . . . *The Sensuous Woman* mentions lesbianism only to advise the acolyte rather sweetly that if she intends to participate in "swinging sex" she should be aware that many women who do so are lesbians, and so she should be prepared to discourage their advances gracefully. (p.124)

continued on p. 21

And

By Kathryn Eberly



Then her hand
we are in the kitchen
and then her hand
moving slowly slowly
making its way
along my thighs
the red tiles underneath
our feet grabbed
her hand relentless
moving slowly
pushing my back
and the wall
my back is against
the wall braced as
my nipples underneath
my shirt her dungarees
pressed hard against
my leg everything
feels dizzy, wet
and so excruciating
slowly
her lips against
and then my hair
falling forward
into her hand
brushes it aside
unbuttoning
her small breasts
and shoulders so smooth
around her neck pulses
and arches
a bit as my tongue
slides down between
her buttons slowly
hands working
tongues slowly
oh my as
against the wall
her knees pushing
into her sharp intake
of breath spit
running down her mouth
wrapped around my tongue
teasing in and out
swirling in and beating
fast faster tracing
the lines on her face
ears teeth
warmth beating rubbing
shoulders her breasts
are up against breasts
are enflamed now
her ass and dungarees coarse
unbuttoning
her hand running
along the seam
surrounding us
moving together
how long, a minute
or five or ten or
the small bites of
her teeth tugging
the chain on my neck
her teeth and then
bending down to her
wrists around my ankles
thighs between my teeth
have now her lips suck
so wet the crotch
of the dungarees
so wet the motions
caught in the slow
pulling down below
the hips now the knees
ankles one pair of pants
two standing up
flowing wet
onto the wet
the rhythm of fingers
the rhythm of hands
bodies shaking
beginning to feel
lost pulled under
sucked urgent hand
frantic harder no
stop stop slow
each waiting kissing
longer now is the time
to move to the bed
is at once soft
caressing to fall
onto cool sheets

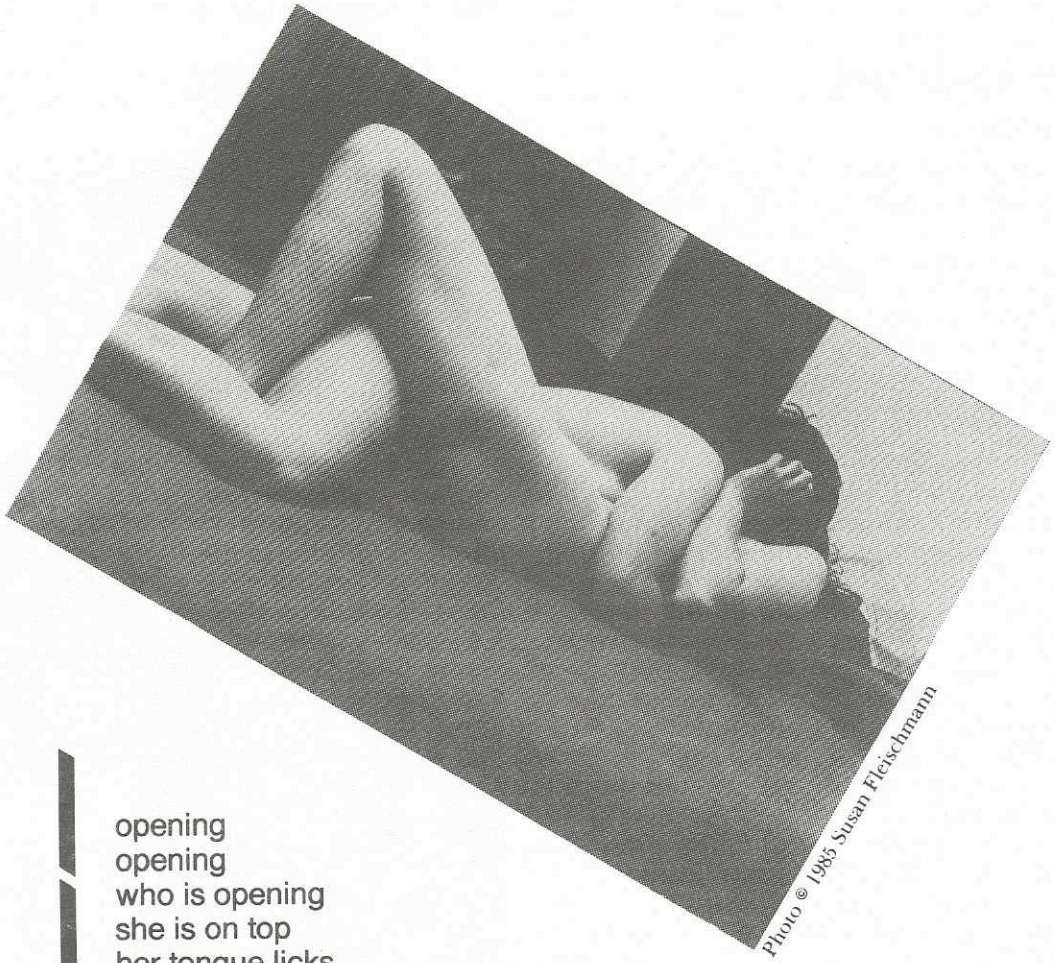


Photo © 1985 Susan Fleischmann

opening
opening
who is opening
she is on top
her tongue licks
and hands move
I moan yes moan yes
she is her tongue
is my drooling down
bites my I'm pushing
harder against oh god
the rhythm rocks us
opening her cunt
so beautiful
three fingers push
and pull oh more more
three fingers loving
loving the lips
moist four fingers
more she is
up inside
breathing sharp
in my breast
nipples
so sensitive to
what her face is
so radiant now
sweat is and she
and I feel suddenly
suprised by my own
swell waves hard harder
rocking harder moaning
coming who is she or
I feel it coming
her sweat now her name
or mine yes oh yes
we find each other
wanting is insatiable
ebb and flow
yes more of her legs
wrapped now tightly
oh how beautiful and
the sharp intake of
oh and her hand sliding
my lips kissing
her forehead
ever so lightly
and we begin again.

The Haircut

By Lavender Ties

The warm water rolled over my hand as I slowly and carefully massaged her scalp. I liked the wooshing noise of the water and the feeling of the wetness and steam rising in the air. She had soft hair, and it felt soothing to my fingers. I shampooed her a second time and then put on a lot of my favorite conditioner, which has a delicious orange smell to it. I was worried that this would be over all-too-soon. I wanted to continue washing her hair for another half an hour.

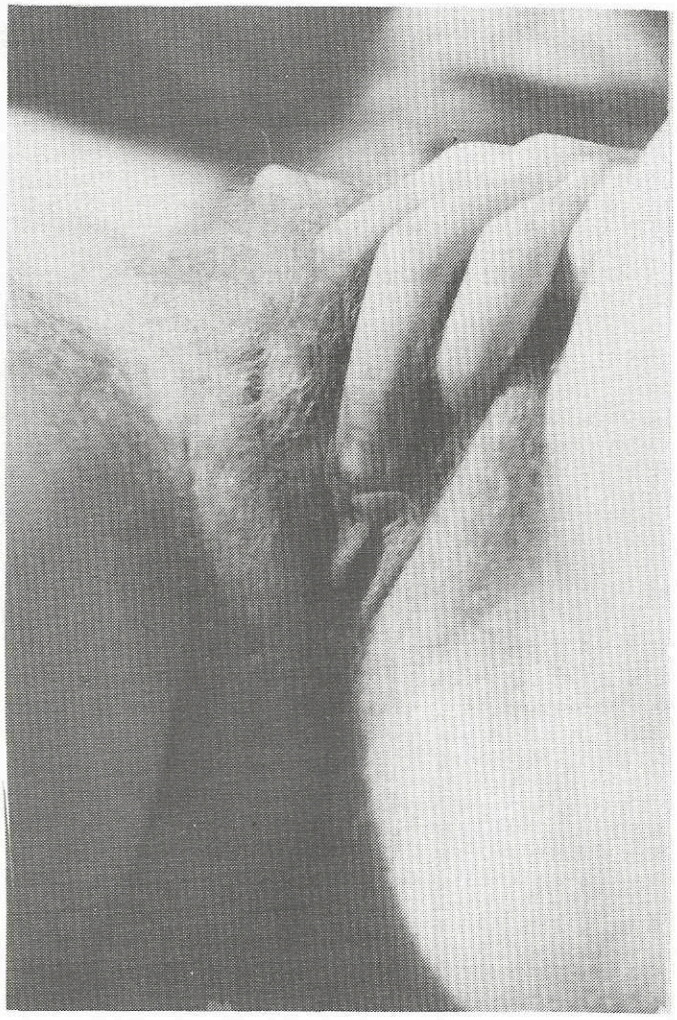
Actually, I couldn't quite believe I was here. That this was happening, and happening now. I'd been running my own hair salon for five years, and many interesting and striking women had passed through my doors. Often I had flirted with clients. It was part of the business. Yet Deirdre was different and I had sensed it from the start. I'd only done her hair four times, but each time the attraction had been strong, almost overpowering. Our nonverbal communication had been so distracting to me that I'd almost botched her haircut.

Then, two days ago she'd phoned me sounding rushed and anxious. She wanted me to do her hair late Saturday afternoon, as she had an important date that evening. I told her that I closed at 5:00 PM and I was already booked full, but she insisted, asking if I could make an exception, just this once. I recalled, then, how nice it had felt being with her, and my cunt gave a little twinge of acknowledgment. My assistants would be gone, I explained, and I'd have to do both the wash and cut myself, but yes, I would make an exception. She should come at 6:00 PM so I could grab a bite to eat. I couldn't help but notice how insistent she was on the phone. I felt she was pushing to be alone with me.

Now here she was, and we were alone, deliciously alone. I had put on some nice jazz in the background and pulled the shades on the front door. She had been flirtatious with me from the moment she'd arrived, and had had no problem stripping down to her tight muscle shirt which defined her strong arms when I'd told her to get comfortable. Although not sure of what she wanted, I felt certain we could entertain each other all evening if necessary. I wondered then what the important date was that she had this evening.

Her eyes were closed as I slowly worked the conditioner into her hair. She was wearing tight jeans along with her muscle shirt. I had put a cape over her shoulders, but I could still see her breasts outlined beneath. I felt like touching her nipples just to see if they were as hard as I suspected they were. I knew she'd come for more than just a haircut tonight.

I turned off the water and stopped working on her hair, as she peered up at me from the sink. I moved towards her legs and, without speaking, ran my hands lightly over the tops of her thighs. When she continued to look at me with a slight smile on her lips I proceeded to spread her thighs apart and stand between her legs, massaging the insides.



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"That feels nice," she commented. "Is this included in your usual bargain-priced haircut?"

"Well," I smiled back. "You did ask me to make an exception for you and, yes, things tend to change around here after hours." I was getting very turned on by now as I sensed she was too.

My hands moved under the cape and shirt to her firm, soft breasts and I pinched her nipples hard until she let out a slight moan. Her head was still in the sink and I leaned over her breasts to find her mouth and gave her a deep wet kiss. She squirmed under me as I sensed the heat from us both. "Time to change scenes," I thought to myself.

I stood and helped her sit up in the chair, then I pushed her head over her knees and fastened her hands together behind her back with a scarf.

"This could turn out to be a very pleasant evening," I said to her.

"I hope you're not in a rush. Stand up Deirdre!" I commanded.

With her hair still wet and her arms nicely pinned behind her back she looked just lovely standing in fron of me.

"What are we going to do?" she asked quizzically. I went over and sat on the bench by the wall.

"Come over here." I said. "I've got lots of things in mind. You'll see." I unzipped her jeans and pulled them down as she gasped in anticipation. I teased the insides of her thighs, reaching higher and higher until my fingers felt the wetness of her cunt. She moaned. "My, you came prepared tonight, didn't you?" I noted, as I slid two fingers into her waiting vagina. She moved on my hand pushing her cunt into my fingers.

"It's time to get that conditioner out of your hair and get to work." I said abruptly, removing my fingers and taking her jeans all the way off.

"Do we have to just now?" she asked.

"Of course we have to." I retorted. "I'm running a business here you know."

I led her over to the sink, kicking the chair out of the way, and made her bend over forward, pushing her head down into the sink. As I rinsed her hair, I could see her glistening cunt up in the air.

"What a lovely cunt you have, Deirdre," I said, turning off the water. "Why don't we work on it a little more?"

"Huh?" she mumbled from the sink.

I snapped a small collar quickly around her neck and attached it to one of the faucets. Then I opened a drawer and removed two dildos, one large and one medium in size.

"Spread your legs," I snapped. She obeyed immediately, moving her feet apart. I shoved the large dildo into her cunt easily and worked it back and forth for a bit. I then quickly dunked the smaller dildo into the Dippity-Doo and pushed it into her waiting asshole.

"Hey, wait a minute!" she yelped, then returned to more moaning as she was getting increasingly hot and excited.

I was just about to come myself, as I'm sure she was, but the party wasn't over yet. I certainly wasn't ready to lose all of the delicious anticipation. So the dildos came out as fast as they'd gone in.

"I understand you came here for a haircut, is that correct?"

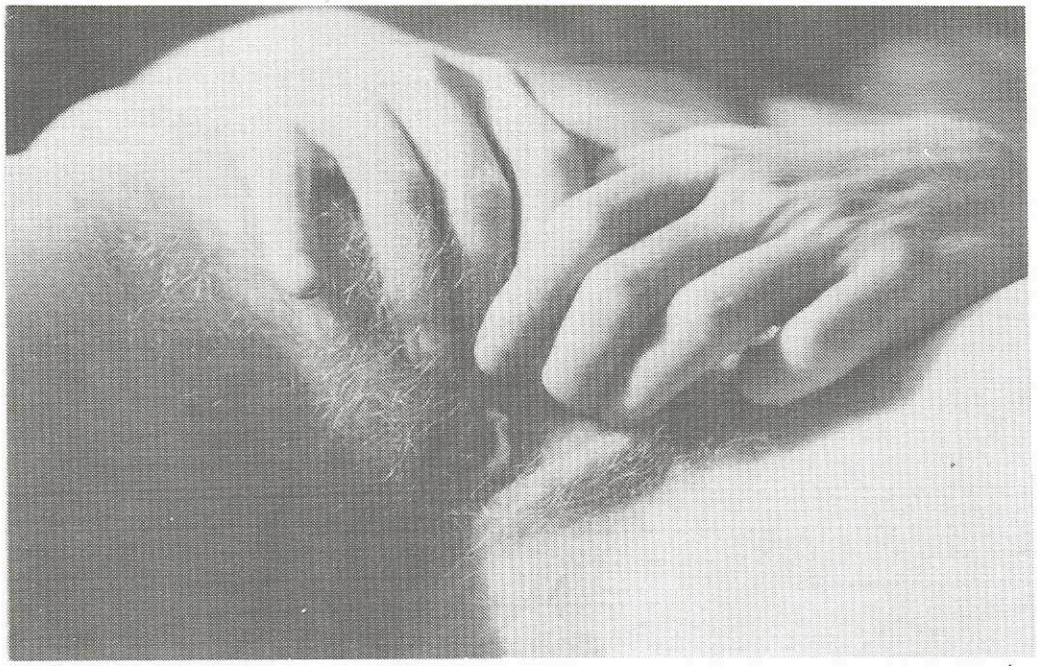
"Well . . . yes," she managed to gasp, echoing in the sink.

"So let's get on with it!" I insisted. I released her from the sink and, untying her hands, led her to another chair in front of a large sweeping mirror. After removing her cape, I said, "Take your shirt off, and remember that as you're sitting in this chair I want you to keep your legs apart, so that I can look at your beautiful breasts and your wet cunt while I cut your hair."

She followed my instructions without a complaint, and I proceeded to cut her hair slowly and meticulously, with my own cunt dripping. When I'd finished, I made her stay sitting and positioned her knees over each arm of the chair, so her legs were spread wide. I knelt down on the floor and gently licked her clit until she groaned loudly and came with a shudder after a few minutes.

"This has been a very nice evening for me, Deirdre, and I know you have a date," I said, looking at her, "but I'm not going to let you go yet. Put your clothes on." I led her back to the sink and removed my own pants, lying back on the chair. "Now I want you to fuck me with that large dildo over there, do you understand?"

She smiled at me with a knowing look. "Do you know who my date was tonight?" she smirked. "It was you of course! So, after the incredible haircut you've just given me, I'll do whatever you want!" And she plunged the dildo into the Dippity Doo and ordered me to spread my legs.



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Wet Words

By Joan Nestle

Wet words
Fall into my hands
Glistening pebbles of sound
Shining with sex

I tumble between your legs
And your swollen lips, red with language,
pour sense into my mouth

This dear wet place, where words are born,
where lust will find its voice,
trembles in the rush of hostile air.

But I will sing this new birth out
Sleek wet words
Hung with strands of liquid lines
Lust and language, wetness and the word,
Our gift of tongues.

Photo © 1985 Susan Fleischmann

Pleasure and Danger

continued from p. 15

By playing on "widespread fears of being abnormal," Altman notes, the "liberated" sex manuals keep perversion in its place. The same process operates in the feminist right, among anti-pornography and anti-s/m agitators on the politically correct continuum. Both Alice Echols' "Taming of the Id: Feminist Sexual Politics, 1968-83" and Muriel Dimen's "Politically Correct? Politically Incorrect?" trace the dynamics that gave rise to sexual repression within feminism itself. Dimen constructs an equation of the correct, the safe, and the conservative, arguing that the idiosyncrasy, passion and irrationality that sex embodies are all at odds with the tendency of society, and of most of its members, toward uniformity, control and predictability. Lesbians and feminists aren't automatically exempt from wanting to impose those things on their sisters and lovers for their own good, either—in fact, it's exactly because we *are* in such a precarious, fringe position in the world that some of us demand the security of a party line.

But to read these accounts of the way sex is controlled and repressed even by those who claim to speak for liberation and openness is, if anything, less depressing than to read, over and over again, the acknowledgment of the contributors to this volume of how silenced they themselves have been about their own sexuality, how they, too, contribute to the mystification and invisibility of sex that they're trying to analyse and expose. The tone of many of the essays is that of the "anti-confession"—women admitting that they haven't spoken up, haven't said what they do in bed, what they want to do, what they wish their lovers would do, what they'd like to know about what other women do, or want to do, or . . . and recognizing that this silence at the heart of the discussion says more than anything else about the completeness of the sexual oppression and control that we all live with. Amber Hillobaugh, Paula Webster and especially Dorothy Allison and Joan Nestle are all eloquent on the subject. "What would it be like," Allison asks, "to organize for our sexual desire as strongly as we have tried to organize for our sexual defense?" "It is always dangerous," says Hollibaugh, "to refuse the knowledge of your own acts and wishes, to create a sexual amnesia, to deny how and who you desire . . ." "When women discuss eroticism in private," Webster complains, "the content of the dialogue is depressingly predictable."

But, to paraphrase Mark Twain, everybody talks a lot about sex but (almost) nobody does anything about it. I found the most moving passage in the book to be the page of an essay by Esther Newton and Shirley Walton, which describes how (straight) Shirley propositioned her best friend (lesbian) Esther, how they went to bed, and how they didn't enjoy it. (They spend the rest of the essay trying to figure out why.) But they're the only two women in the entire book who actually admit that they've gone to bed with anyone! Almost all of the essays in the book close with grateful acknowledgments to lists of friend and colleagues for the help they've given the writer. Only Amber Hollibaugh credits—and names— her lover. There is something deeply disturbing about a bookful of women who are committed to opening up the discussion of sex, to making a safe space (to use Carole Vance's closing comment) in which to talk about pleasure and passion, yet who are so reticent about themselves.

The conference ended with poetry reading—a nice touch, but I couldn't help thinking that what they should really have ended with was a sex orgy, but failing that, the New York Lesbian Sex Mafia (LSM) held a speak-out. Unfortunately, since this was not part of the official proceedings of the conference, it is not represented in the conference papers. Too bad, it would have made good reading, too.

Friday July 27, 1984 Going to Ptown

By Jane Barnes

For S.

odd to feel this
excited after six weeks
usually I'm hysterical
the first night and it goes
downhill from there
this is a nice incline up
that's suddenly getting
a little steep
I want to rest
I'm scared
What if the boat sinks
on the way to the Cape
or we get there and
everyone turns out to be
straight or it
rains like it did today
to tell you the truth
if it did we could
just stay in bed
now that doesn't sound
so scary so why is it then?

Sitting Down/Standing Up

By Jane Barnes

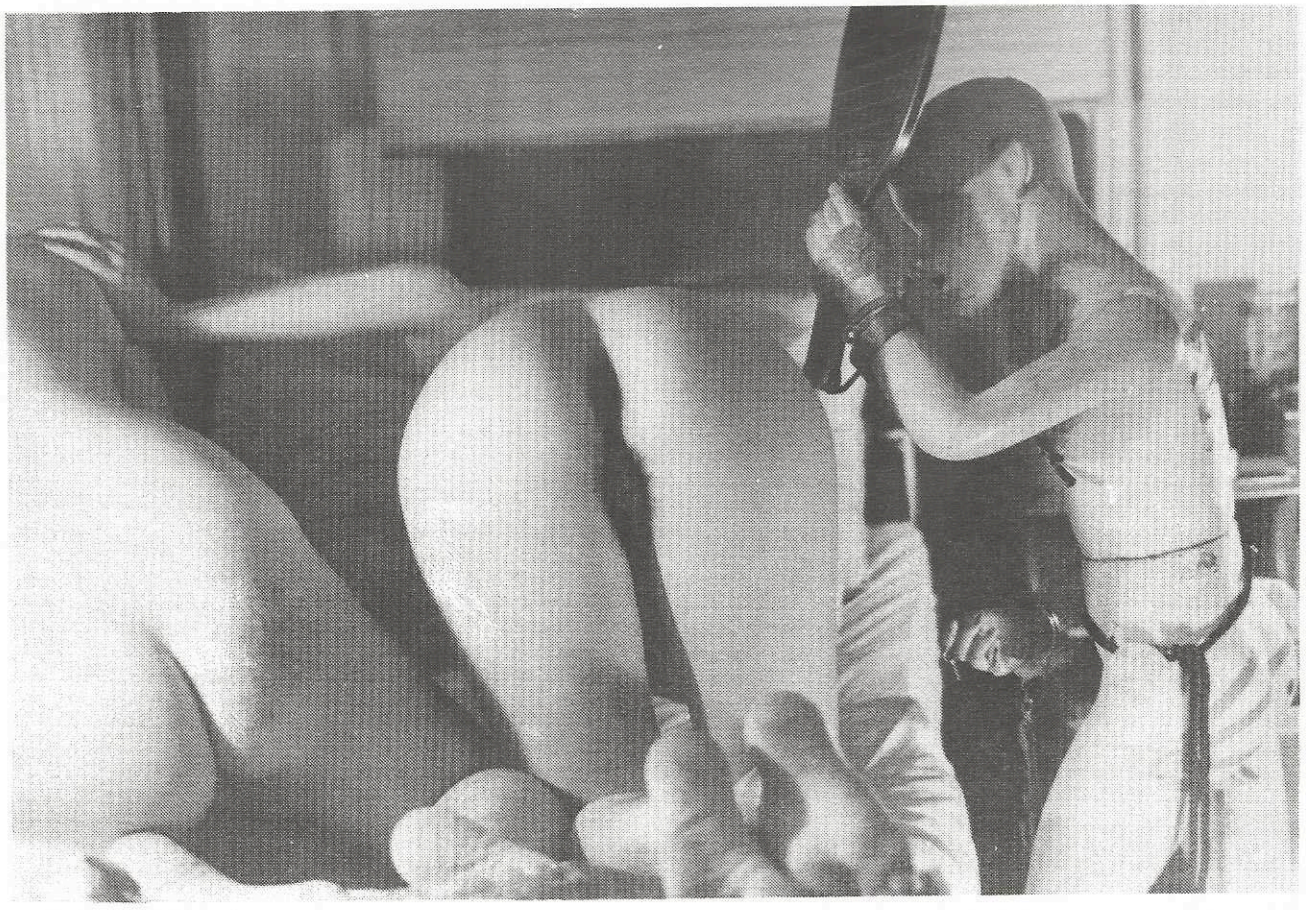
For K.

thought sitting down at my desk
I could just reach down
no one would notice
or go into a bathroom stall
or wait till I got home for
god's sake forget it
all together after all
this could take years
went and got my trust
off the printer and went home
on the subway
this cute woman got down
on her haunches right in
front of me just to rest or
meditate or freaked out by the mob
and I thought how it'd feel
your face at my knees
how good and hard it'd be
to stay standing up

Interstate 10

By Ruby Leah Richardson

SLIPPERY WHEN WET
you liked that sign
we passed on the
highway,
your hand in my jeans
SLIPPERY WHEN WET
when we stopped
and made love
there
on Interstate 10
SLIPPERY WHEN WET
those signs have
all been replaced
but
the memories haven't
SLIPPERY WHEN WET
reminds me of
back seats and
then
I think of you
SLIPPERY WHEN WET



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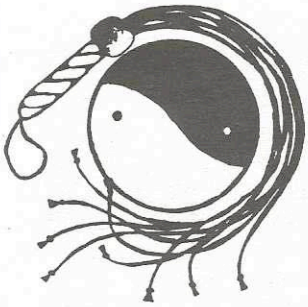

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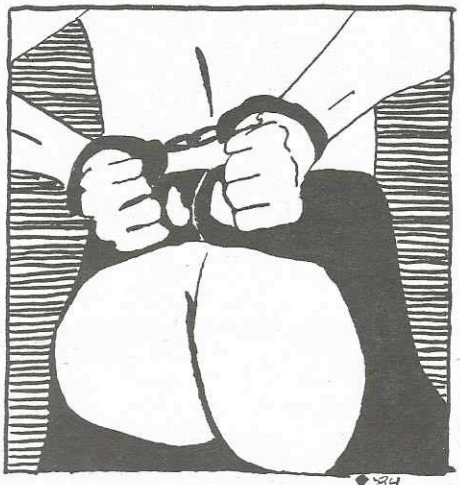

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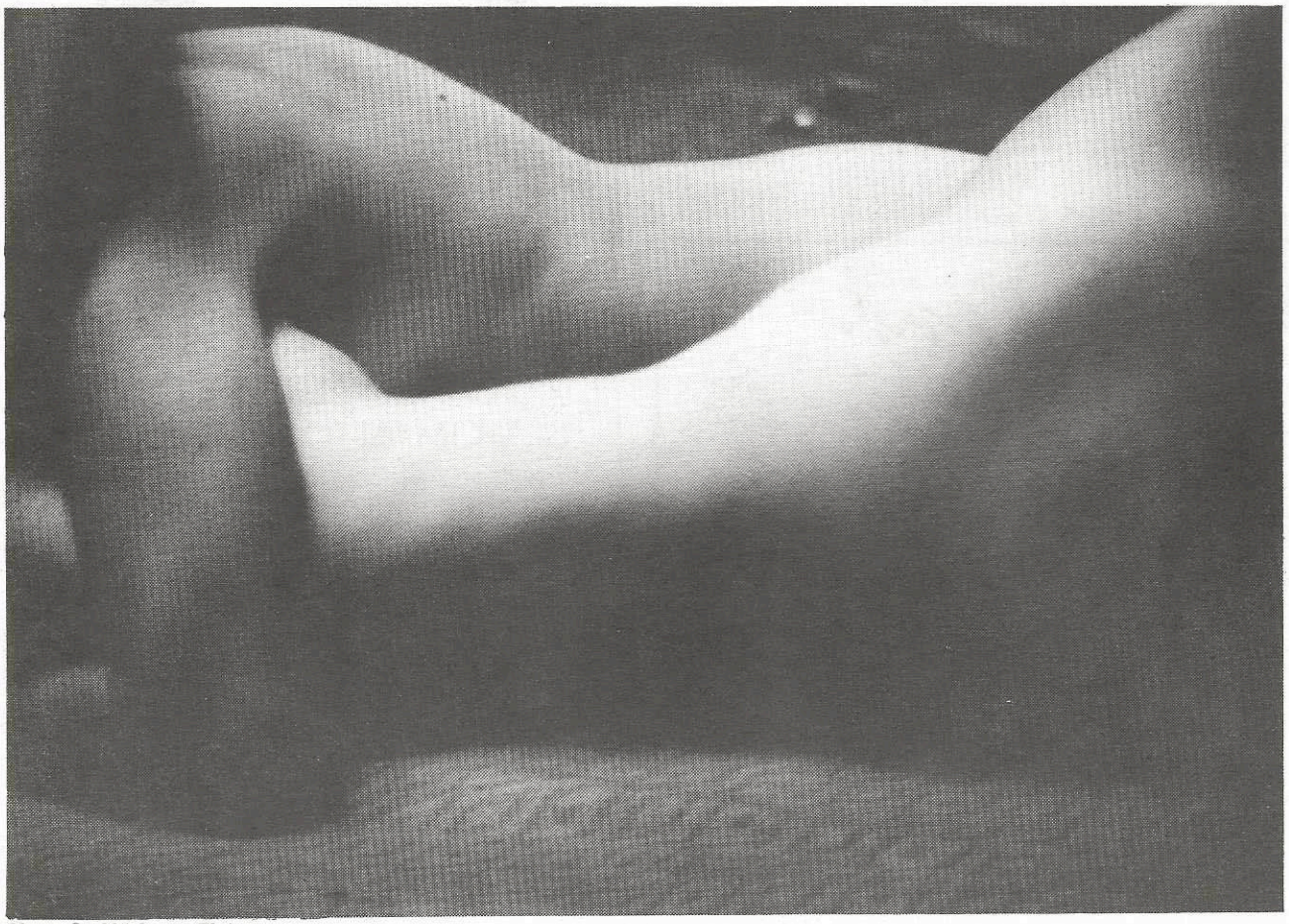

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